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The Captive Girl---A True Story.

(Katie Moore, in 'Children's Messenger.')

Not far from the good city of Philadelphia lives a little girl named Regina; she is a dear little girl, with a very fair face, blue eyes, bright hair, and pink cheeks.

Grandma says she is the very image of the little Regina who was carried off by the Indians so long, long ago.

Then Regina runs to grandma and says: 'Oh, grandma, please tell me again about poor little lost Regina!'

Grandma loves to tell that old story, and it shows what care God takes of his children, even in the greatest trials and dangers.

Little Regina—the one who was carried off by the Indians—lived in a cabin in the forest, and she had a father and mother, a brother fifteen years old, a sister thirteen years old, and a baby brother of three.

Regina herself was ten. Regina was a little Christian. She loved the Saviour and always asked his help in time of danger; then there was a little hymn she was very fond of singing. She and her mother sang it every evening after they had said their prayers.

'Alone, and not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear,
I feel my Saviour always nigh;
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with Him and He with me,
E'en here alone I cannot be.'

That is the hymn they sang, and God used it in a very strange and wonderful way to bring Regina back to her mother after she had been stolen by the Indians.

One day Regina's mother went to the mill for flour, taking the little boy with her. The mill was a long way off. It took her all day to make the journey. When she came back in the evening nothing was left of her home but a heap of smoking ruins. The little house she had loved so well, and the barn that was filled with grain, were burned to the ground. Not far away lay the bodies of her husband and son, murdered by the Indians. Regina and Barbara, her two daughters, were gone, and she knew well enough that the Indians had carried them away.

Some days after a party of hunters found Barbara's dead body lying by a stream of water, with her head cleft by a tomahawk. When the mother heard of this she knew that she would never see Barbara again in this life, but for nine long years she heard nothing of Regina, and she mourned for her, and hoped and prayed for her until at last God answered her prayer.

Poor little Regina was taken by two big Indians to their camp, and there she was given to an old squaw who was very cruel to her. The squaw was so old and stiff with rheumatism that she could not work, but she was not too stiff to beat poor Reigna most brutally. The child was compelled to carry all the wood and water that were needed in their wigwam, to gather roots and berries, trap animals and catch fish. She had a very hard and bitter life, and, after a while, as the old squaw would not allow her to speak anything but the Indian language, she forgot how to speak her own language; but she never forgot her prayers nor the hymn her mother used to sing with her every evening.

Regina looked like the other little Regina who lives not far from Philadelphia.

Her face was so fair and lovely that the Indian children called her Sawquehanna, which means, in their language, 'a white lily.' But after she had lived with the old squaw for some years her hair and skin became dark and coarse, so that no one would have known her for a white girl, except for her large, clear blue eyes that never changed.

REGINA AND THE TWO BIG INDIANS.

During the nine long years that Regina was lost her mother never ceased to search for her. When she heard of a white girl being seen with the Indians, she immediately set out to find her, always feeling sure it was her own dear daughter, and always coming back home disappointed.

The French and Indian war was being carried on at the time, and when finally it closed and the English became masters of the country, the Indians were compelled to give up all their white captives. Many white children had been carried off by them, and these were all taken from them by the English soldiers. Good Colonel Boquet, who had charge of this work, was very careful that not one white child should be left with the savages, and in this way more than one hundred white children, between five and twenty years of age, were taken from the Indians.

At first the children were taken to Pittsburg, or Fort Pitt, as it was then called, and there about fifty of them were found by their parents. The others were taken to Carlisle, and there almost all of them found parents or friends, though a few of them had no one left in the world after the Indians had slaughtered the family and burned the home.

Reigna's mother went to Carlisle in the hope of finding her long-lost daughter. Regina was nineteen years old at that time. She was very tall and dark. She had for-

gotten a great deal. She could not tell her last name, nor the names of her parents or brothers and sister. She did not know where she had lived, and though she remembered her own name, 'Regina,' she could not pronounce it so that others understood it. She remembered her home and her mother, but she had forgotten how her mother looked. She was so changed that her own mother did not know her.

Mrs. Hartman—that was her mother's name—went about among the captives looking for her daughter, but there was no one there who could possibly be Regina. The captives were in a large room, and Mrs. Hartman looked at them all and they looksd at her. Then she went back to the inn with a heavy heart, for she was sure now that Regina was dead. The next morning she was to start early for home, for the way was rough and slow to travel, and she had to go on horseback. Before she started, however, she decided to take one more look at the captives, who had been brought out on to a green square between the old courthouse and the old stone church. Crowds of people from the town and all round the country had gathered to see them. Many parents were there looking for their lost children, and every now and then some one would be made happy by finding a lost child. When this happened every one shouted for joy. Twenty or thirty children were that day recognized by their friends.

Mrs. Hartman lingered until noon, watching all this happiness; then, as she was turning away with a heavy heart and sad face, Colonel Boquet came to her and asked her whether she was sure her daughter was not with those still unclaimed. He was so anxious that the mother should find her child that he asked whether there was not some sign or mark by which she might identify her—for he knew that nine years among the Indians would change a child so much that even her mother would not know her.

Mrs. Hartman said that there was nothing by which she could identify Regina.

'Was not there some song or hymn you sang to her when a child?' the Colonel asked. 'She might remember the song you sang her to sleep with.'

Then Mrs. Hartman remembered that old hymn she and Regina loved so much, and she began to sing, in a clear, loud voice:

'Alone, and not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear—'

And she had scarcely reached the second line when a tall, straight girl, with blue eyes, uttered a sharp cry, and rushing to Mrs. Hartman, threw her arms around her neck.

It was Regina. The old hymn that she had never forgotten had brought her mother to her. How God blessed that hymn!

When the mother looked at Regina she wondered how this tall dark girl could be her fair little daughter; but she took her into her arms and wept over her, and loved her, and thanked God again and again that he had at last answered her prayers.

Regina went home with her mother, and for a while everything seemed very new and strange. She had lived so long with the Indians that she had become accustomed to their rude ways, and it was hard to break herself off these habits. It was a long, long time before she could sleep in a bed or sit on a chair; for the Indians have neither beds nor chairs. They sit on the floor, and sleep on the ground upon a heap of dried leaves. Then Regina had not used a fork or a spoon for nine years, and even the food her mother used was strange to her, but she gradually got accustomed to things in her new home, and began to speak her own language again. She learned to read and write also, and took great delight in reading the Bible.

Her mother was so worn and broken down by all the troubles that had crowded into her life, that her health began to fail, and Regina took the tenderest and most loving care of her. As long as her mother lived she watched over and cared for her.

Her brother, who was now a man, married and had little ones of his own, and the first girl he named after his sister Regina.

Thus through the generations the name Regina has come down from one little girl to another, until it has fallen to the lot of the little bright-haired, blue-eyed Regina, not far away, whose great delight is to hear the true and wonderful story of the great-great-aunt Regina who was carried off by the Indians.

Post Office Crusade.

The following sums of money for the 'Northern Messenger' Mission have been received by Mrs. Cole:—'In His Name,' Sault St. Marie, Ont., for Ramabai, $1; Mrs. E. L. Mullan, Hudson Heights, Que., $1; Mr. C. Tweedie, Montreal, $2; Mr. Loudin, Westmount, Que., $2.50; The Western W.C.T.U., $3; Mr. McKinley, Coventry, Ont., $5. Since April 1st, 1902, $72 have been received by Mrs. Cole. Several friends are now sending yearly subscriptions, and the kindest of letters come. A few glimpses from home and abroad are these:

'I picked up a Montreal paper, and read about 'The Post-Office Crusade;' please tell me all about it. It seems just the work to interest our young people in the church.' This from a Kingston lady.

A lady in Ottawa writes: 'We have instituted a mite-box in our Circle and receive money at each meeting for the Post-Office Crusade. We have been sending to six addresses in India; also to the North-West, and to Quebec city. A large parcel went to Montreal for Mr. Laflamme's box.'

In addition to these several letters have come from Mission Circles connected with the Baptist denomination, in whose work the sending out of undenominational literature to India is becoming a marked feature, though in no way interfering with their gifts to all the other missions.

Every mail from India brings requests for papers from natives. Evidently an idea has gone abroad that a Carnegie has arisen in Canada. One letter says:

'I found the following in our Telugu paper: "A lady in Canada has determined to give the English handbills and periodicals gratis to the inhabitants of our land."'

As there are 221 millions of people in British India, and somewhere about six millions in Canada, it will be an undertaking. I must, through the 'Northern Messenger,' tell our friends in India, that this work is not an individual effort, but the united work of cheerful givers from every section of Canada. Please take our papers with our very best wishes, and when you have read them, pass them on to brighten the life of some friend or companion. After reading them aloud to those in your homes, if you can, write to the readers of this paper in Canada. Address your letters to

The Editor 'Northern Messenger,'
'Witness' Office,
Montreal, Que., Canada.

One letter came from a grandson of the first Telugu convert in India. He wishes to translate some of the articles into the native language of his country. One was from a high school teacher, one from a postmaster, others from students and native preachers.

When the King was crowned, a number of Hindus held a public meeting to celebrate the event. In honor of the great occasion, their prince in India gave them land to build a hall. He also gave some financial aid. There is to be a reading-room, and the first literature supplied went from the 'Northern Messenger' Post-Office Crusade.

Every magazine we can possibly send is respectfully solicited.

Thus you will see that I can use all the money that anyone wishes to give for the work. Every subscription is paid and new appeals up to date are supplied. In March several subscriptions expire. An appeal has been received from a native, who writes:

'I request you to despatch the papers to me. I am a poor man, and I am searching for an opportunity to become a newspaper reader. This is a good opportunity. I hope I did not meet with a negative answer, etc.'

If the London 'Times' would wake up England and Scotland as thoroughly as it has created interest in India for the Post-Office Crusade, then we could have a great big undenominational mission by mail through a clean British and Canadian press. Especially would this be the case if a reduction on the postage of newspapers and books could be effected by the Home Government. Then the whole Empire might be united by leaves for the healing of the nations.

MARGARET EDWARDS COLE.

Address all subscriptions to
MRS. EDWIN COLE,
112 Irvine ave.,
Westmount, Que.,
Canada.

Under His Wing.

(Anna Withrow, in the 'Observer.')

'He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust.'—Psa. xci., 4.

Covered with feathers of mercy,
Covered with feathers of love,
Covered from all that might harm me,
Safe till God calls me above.

Under His wings am I trusting,
Under His wings do I hide;
Safe in this beautiful shadow
Let me forever abide.

Here is my refuge and covert,
Under the wings of my God;
Here am I peacefully resting,
Trusting His love in His rod.

Under the wings of His healing,
Under the wings of His might.
Keep me forever, dear Saviour,
Sheltered by day and by night.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Ride to Jericho

(The 'Christian Advocate.')

It was an extravagant thing to do. Professor Bently's brother, who was more careful in the counting of his pennies, actually held up his hands in holy horror at thought of the expense.

'I know that you are foolish over those two children,' he said, severely, 'but I didn't expect you to go clean out of your mind!'

Then the professor tossed his hat, caught it again, and laughed, just as he used to do when a boy. His brother had forgotten, long before, how to do that.

'Well, don't shut me up until I've had this one trip with them,' he said, merrily. Then his face grew grave. 'You know that their mother and I had been planning it for several years; and now that she's gone away forever I am only taking them in her place. If she can look down it will please her. It certainly will make them happy, to say nothing about myself. They are reasonable youngsters and fully understand that we must not only be very careful of our pence, but of our pounds as well.'

Josiah still shook his head. 'I'm sorry to say it, William,' he croaked, 'but if anything happens to you, I shall not hold myself responsible for the bringing up of those children.' He gave a little sniff and went away.

William looked after him. 'That was intended for a damper,' he said.

But really it was a most natural thing to do. Dr. William Bently was Professor of Sacred History in the theological school. His lectures were the most delightful of the course; the need for a text-book from his hand had arisen, the authorities had offered him a year's vacation with salary, and—well, you know the rest.

So the three—father, little son, and daughter—set out for a year's sojourn in the Holy Land, and after Josiah's grim, disapproving face had disappeared from view one had difficulty in deciding which was the merriest of the three.

Dr. Bently soon found that he would have missed a good deal if two pairs of sharp eyes had not been on the lookout, and two fresh young minds giving their impressions of persons and things, and at the same time rubbing him up with innumerable questions.

The little party arrived at Jerusalem and were pleasantly settled in a small hotel within the gates. There is quite a settlement of Americans and others outside of the walls, but Dr. Bently felt that he could do his work better if he lived in the very heart of the city.

He was glad to see that the children entered into deepest sympathy with him. They felt the seriousness of the place, and though some believed the most sacred spot to be here and others there, they knew that the feet of the blessed Saviour had really walked those streets, that there he had healed the sick, comforted and forgiven the sinner, and spoken words of tenderness to the unhappy; that he had been crucified and buried and had risen again. Their small Bibles were often consulted, passages were marked, and they listened intently to the conversations of their father and his friends.

Elizabeth stood one evening upon the roof of their hotel and looked over at the Mount of Olives, as the reflection from the western sunset flooded it with the most beautiful and delicate hues. She heard Mortimore running up the stairs. As he approached her she said in a hushed voice:

'We are living in a golden year, Mortimore. Only down there is the Garden of Gethsemane. O, dearest, if we had lived then would we have been so cruel to the Blessed Christ?'

The boy turned his head away for a moment, then said: 'We're going to Jericho to-morrow. Papa ordered a horse for himself and donkeys for two. He thinks we'd better go over the old pathways. We start early, and he says we must be up at six.'

Elizabeth forgot her sadness. 'O, I'm so glad we are going! Isn't it good of papa? You think he might leave us.'

'I should think it is good of him. Do you know, Elizabeth, that we have just the jolliest father on earth?'

'Of course I know it.'

The next morning was bright and clear, when the little cavalcade set out from the city's gate. There were Dr. Bently and the dragoman, both on fine Persian gray horses; there were the children on donkeys that looked so sober one would never expect anything wrong from them; there was the Arab boy to look after things, the cook, and to crown all, there were two Arab sheiks upon dark bay horses with flowing manes and tails.

These horses were gorgeously bedecked, and the sheiks wore embroideries that astonished the eyes of Elizabeth. They were men of graceful dignity, courteous, with that slow courtesy of the Orientals. Their voices were rich and low, and their whole bearing most pleasing.

These sheiks were to conduct the party safely through their own territory. The natives would be very likely to injure and surely to rob anyone who travelled without their protection.

All day long the company rode over the hills and across the plains. They passed near the brook Kidron, where the ravens brought food to the prophet Elijah, and they stopped at the Inn of the Good Samaritan for luncheon. While the cook prepared this a dear little donkey mother, with the tiniest, cunningest little donkey baby, trotted into the court.

Elizabeth cried out with pleasure and held out her hands. But the little creature did not approve of small American girls. He shook his long ears and ran away as fast as his dainty feet could carry him. Whereupon the Arab boy, who thought that Elizabeth should have every and any thing she wished, ran after the little creature, threw both arms about the donkey's four legs, and carried him triumphantly to the little girl.

'You have him,' he said. 'Me give.'

This caused a merry laugh, while Elizabeth patted the cunning creature and even touched his little gray nose and his long, silken ears.

Late in the afternoon, as they were descending a rocky hillside, they saw before them the little town of Jericho. The river Jordan ran down upon its farther side, and the hills of Moab rose against the sky. At their left stood up sharp and strong the Mount of Temptation, from which Satan offered all the kingdoms of earth, and where the angels came afterward to minister to Christ. Below them, through the plains of Jericho, and near to the city, flowed a stream which the people believed to come from the fountain whose bitter waters were made sweet by a miracle which was performed through the hand of the prophet Elisha.

The scene was very tender and peaceful. The spirits of all were quite subdued. They were, too, a little wearied from the long journey over rocky ways, where the horses had to feel with their hinder feet for the holes in which their front ones had been.

Horses and donkeys used in touring the Holy Land come to be very wise. They know, when setting out, just what is before them. They will go safely all day long, obeying the slightest touch upon the rein; but at night, when nearing the camping place, they often break into a mad run and do not stop until they have reached it, when they sometimes plant their forefeet and stop so suddenly as to throw a rider violently over their heads upon the ground or against the wall.

The donkeys upon which the children were riding had not made the journey in a long time. So, though the dragoman determined to keep an eye upon them, he did not alarm Dr. Bently by speaking of the matter. But when half-way down the rocky hillside both donkeys bolted. They were considerably in advance of the others, who had lingered to point out the historic spots.

Elizabeth's donkey was first in the race. Down they flew, their light feet bearing them swiftly over the places which horses must cross with more care. The dragoman saw when it was too late. He spurred his horse, but it was impossible to get on as swiftly as the lighter animals.

'What is the matter!' cried Dr. Bently.

The dragoman did not answer, but hastened on, the sheiks, cook, and Arab boy all following, with anxious faces. Not a word crossed any lip, but the 'Sh!' with which the Arabs stop their horses as we do ours with 'Whoa!' arose upon all sides.

The donkeys were upon the plain long before the horses. Their feet flew wildly. One would never have thought that they had been travelling all day. Neither of the children uttered a sound.

'I expected to be killed,' said Elizabeth, afterward, 'but I just laid my head down on the donkey's neck and held on as hard as I could.'

'And I,' said Mortimore, 'wasn't going to squeak when a girl kept still!'

They reached the clear, sweet stream flowing from Elisha's fountain. The donkeys bounded wildly across it. In that clear atmosphere one can hear very plainly for a long distance. The children began to hear the beat of a horse's feet behind them. But the donkeys heard it too. They only ran more wildly.

Above the donkey's head Elizabeth saw a wall rising. She expected to be dashed against it, but, instead, they entered a great opening, and flew along towards a low stone building. Then she made an effort and raised her head. Another minute and the mischievous donkey planted his feet with the determination of throwing the little girl—who had only been kind to him—over his head against the building.

But just at that instant a pair of strong arms caught her. It was the dragoman, pale through his sunburn, who saved her.

At the same moment one of the sheiks did a like service for Mortimore, then

turned to reprove the already heart-broken dragoman.

The rest of the party came flying up. The second sheik seized Dr. Bently's horse, which had also caught the spirit of mischief, and thus the three were saved. Supper was prepared. They sat out in the starlight and watched a company of Arabs do strange, wild things with swords, while they chanted weird songs, and after they had gone to bed they could hear the wolves howling about the outer walls and some women wailing over a new-made grave.

Mr. Murray and His Men.

('League Journal.')

'Did you say you saw Jim Falconer in the neighborhood, Macrae?' asked Mr. Murray of one of his men in his workshop. 'And was he sober?'

'Ay; an' had a wee touch o' the D.T.'s too?' replied the man. 'He's very near the end o' his credit as well as his money; an' I told him what you said, sir, that you would take him back whenever he liked to come.'

'That was right,' said his master cheerfully. 'I hope he'll come soon.'

The men were silent, but they exchanged looks which Mr. Murray was quick enough to intercept, and even to interpret; the one said very plainly, 'I told you so,' and the other, 'Who would have thought it?'

'You didn't think I really meant it, Macrae?' he asked quietly.

The man hesitated. 'Well, I think yet,' he said stoutly at last, 'that when you see Jim Fa'c'ner's face, an' the eyes of him, an' the twitching hands, you'll no trust him wi' much o' a job.'

'No; not till he is better,' said Mr. Murray with a sigh. 'We must get him once out of the beast's grip, and I pray that it may be once for all this time.'

The man looked up with such wonder in his face that his employer laughed.

'Don't you read your Bible?' he asked pleasantly. 'You would find a lot more in it about affairs in general than you ever went in search of. Poor Jim shows the mark of the beast very plainly at times, and at others—if you set out to fill a pit or chasm you must touch both sides. Well, God made man a little lower than the angels, and higher than the brutes that perish, and he, man, touches both sides. His will is aye on the balance between the two. He can sink the angel in the beast, as Jim is doing now; or he can sink the beast in him, and become its master, and rise even to the likeness of the Son of God himself. Isn't that worth trying for Macrae?' he concluded seriously.

The man nodded silently, and stitched at the boot he was mending. He hated to have religion dragged into everything, as this, his new master, had a habit of doing. But Macrae knew when he was well off—none better; and he had been discharged from an excellent situation, where he had risen to the post of manager—not for tippling, indeed, for that he could not stop at, but for terrible drinking bouts, getting more and more violent, even after long intervals. The man was not one who could become a sot; but a raging maniac, endangering his own and others' lives, he did become in these bouts. He was suspended and re-instated many times over, for the firm knew his value; but at last, after a fearful scene, in which all the 'wild beast' in him had been unchained, he was finally dismissed, under open circumstances that made it seem impossible for him to get another good situation in his native city. He had not sought work from Mr. Murray. To his great surprise, Mr. Murray had sought him, and offered him steady work, exacting no conditions. He did not hesitate, although he would once have curled his lip at such a situation; but he had a young wife and a beautiful blue-eyed baby girl, and for their sakes he took it, and was doing his duty manfully in it.

It had been on the tip of his tongue many a time to ask Mr. Murray why he did not require a pledge from him, but he had always refrained. For more than four months now, he had abstained from all intoxicants, and he was beginning to think that he had overcome his deadliest foe. Yet, strange to say, instead of a feeling of brotherly kindness and kindred sympathy towards the poor wreck, Jim Falconer, he felt nothing but supreme contempt. He wondered exceedingly that Mr. Murray did not shake off the poor cumberer, and keep only smart, respectable men in his shop.

While he mused and stitched, he found that he was left alone in the workshop, as usual at that hour; he had been so deeply absorbed in work and thought that he had never seen anyone leave the place. A trembling, uncertain hand turned the handle of the door that opened into the lane by which the workmen came and went. The door opened slowly, and a most disgraceful shadow of a man appeared, with wild eyes and livid lips, and blue-veined cheeks and temples. His clothes were like those of the monks of old, as described by Charles Kingsley—'greasy, smeary, smelly old things,' and his hands and face twitched in nervous jumps and spasms.

'Oh, man, for God's sake don't refuse me this time!' he pleaded imploringly. 'Just threepence for one glass to pull me together, or I'll die! Only that, Macrae, if you have a heart the size of a peppermint!'

Macrae looked the shaking creature over from top to toe with supercilious coolness.

'Indeed, and I'll give you no threepence,' he said severely. 'And there's no fear of your dying—no such luck! The public-house man'll be the biggest loser if you do.'

The stricken wretch began to weep profusely.

'Not so, Macrae,' said a serious voice from the doorway that led into the front shop; 'God and Jim Falconer would be the biggest losers.'

Macrae did not answer, except by an impatient grunt, as he bent to pick up the boot that he had laid down, and stitch furiously at it.

Mr. Murray advanced and took Jim by the arm firmly. He would have struggled, but the raging thirst that consumed him sapped all his strength and will-power.

'I knew you would come, Jim,' said his master kindly. 'And our Master is waiting and wearying to help you. Come—you know what a doctoring you're going to get with black tea, and black coffee, and dry toast, and so forth; but you're worth all the trouble, dear lad, and you'll soon be back in the right track again!'

About an hour after, Mr. Murray returned to the workshop, having left one of his own boys to watch Jim's sleep, which was broken and uneasy. He walked straight to a swing shelf that contained a number of books, selected one, and sat down.

'Macrae,' he said abruptly, 'did you ever read any of the grand old stories of Greece and Rome? They're full of pith and marrow.'

'No, sir; I never did,' said the man shortly.

'Well, there's one here.' He put on his spectacles, and turned over the pages. 'Ah, it's too long just to read it from beginning to end, but I'll give you a wee idea of it. A wheen brave young princes and heroes set out with a fine fleet on a great expedition. They had a dangerous strait to pass, where three foul monsters with angel faces and angel voices sang, and beckoned and lured poor mariners to death and destruction. Their chart told them all about it, and so, when they neared the rocks of the strait, one of the leaders made all his sailors fill their ears with wax. He ordered them to bind him—the captain—to the mast, and said they must not loose him, no matter how he prayed them to do so. Well, they did get through; but he struggled, and wriggled, and twisted at the ropes, and signed and shouted to them to let him go; but the men obeyed orders. Another of the commanders, instead of doing that, took his own harp, and played such sweet, loud, heavenly music that it altogether drowned the angel voices of doom and destroyed the temptation. Which of these two had the best of it?'

'The man wi' the harp,' said Macrae, unhesitatingly. He had ceased working, in the interest of the old story, and was regarding his employer attentively, a little uneasily.

'Think it well over, Macrae. Are you sure?'

'I'm sure that that's the way it looks to me, anyway,' he replied somewhat testily; he was not sure of what he was committing himself to.

'And that's the way it looks to me,' said his master heartily. 'And I'll show you now the fact that lies under the figure, as I see it. You and I, dear lad, and poor Jim Falconer, all have a deadly enemy disguising itself as a friend.' Macrae started up as if he would have left the shop, but his employer looked steadfastly into his eyes, with such loving kindness in his own, that the man abruptly sat down again and bent low over his work. 'We have been cruelly wounded in the struggle with this enemy that we thought was a friend,' resumed Mr. Murray, after his involuntary pause, 'and we have bound ourselves by solemn pledges, and tried to stop our ears to the clamor of our desires. Jim Falconer told me he wrote a vow in the Bible, on his bended knees, that he would never touch drink again, yet—'

'Jim Fa'c'ner's a poor stick,' broke in Macrae with asperity. 'Are ye evenin' him wi' me?'

'Jim Falconer is so near the very heart of God that he sent his Son in search of him,' said Mr. Murray with a sigh. 'And it's that love of the Father-Heart that is going to make the heavenly music in poor Jim's heart and life that will lift him beyond the power of the enemy—as it has lifted me, as I pray it may raise you, dear lad, and numberless other victims, this "Love that will not let us go." Ah, Macrae, the music in our hearts is a thousand times better than the vows and promises that bind us with ropes of our own making. See now, lad, you seem to be twice the man Jim Falconer is; and yet, if he gets that developing principle of

life into his heart he will go on, like Jacob of old, from being a "thief of the rights of his brother" into a prince that has power with God to prevail! It's a mysterious thing this developing principle—it's the "law of the Spirit of Life," and worth thinking about, dear lad. I have prepared pledge-cards for you and Jim. I have "laid help on One that is mighty" for us all. I have watched your splendid struggles—I know all about it, dear lad!—and I want now to show you the more excellent way in which lies the certainty of success.'

Macrae had thrown his work aside, and his face was hidden in his hands. The pure love and tenderness of this servant of Christ had broken down his hard, self-centred heart, and 'prepared a highway for the Lord' to enter in and take possession. He and 'Jim Fa'c'ner'—staunch comrades now—are fighting hard for the Prince of Peace against the deadliest foe our land has to fear—the vile liquor traffic. God speed them!

What Fifty Testaments Did.

A year ago a woman was living near a town where 50 Italians came to work. She became very much distressed at the heathenish way in which they lived, for she discovered that they never went to church and that the nearest Roman Catholic priest had not taken the trouble to look them up. Most of them could speak no English and she could speak no Italian, so she was at a loss to know how to help them. Learning that almost all of them could read in their native tongue, she purchased copies of the New Testament in Italian, and gave one to each man. It was not long before one of the leaders came to her and asked if there was a church were they could go and hear that book read. He said that most of the men were reading it, many of them with much interest. She consulted with her pastor, and they arranged to have a man come from the neighboring city and preach to them in Italian. The men were so interested and grateful that other meetings followed, until now that church has what might be called an Italian annex, and the results of the work are most gratifying.

AN INTERESTING STORY.

The story of the discovery of Vitae-Ore, the peculiar mineral remedy now being so widely advertised and talked about in the public press, as told by Prof. Theo. Noel, the man whose pick, while delving deep in the hills of the south-west, first brought it to light, is one of great interest to all who read for knowledge and profit. It is given in full detail in the 64-page booklet, 'Vitae-Ore,' issued free by the Theo. Noel Company of Chicago, whose large advertisement will be found on page 13 of this issue.

This mineral, a magnetic ORE, is a subtle combination or blending of elements, a formation peculiar to the locality of its discovery, as it has been found nowhere else, that requires but the addition of hydrogen and oxygen—an addition obtained by mixing the ore with water—to make it a most powerful and effective remedy, as hundreds of the readers of this paper have found it.

The offer made to the subscribers and readers of this paper, is almost as remarkable as the Ore itself. They do not ask for cash, but desire each person to use the Ore for thirty days' time before paying one cent, and none need pay unless positively benefited.—Advt.

When Greek Meets Greek.

(The 'Outlook.')

John Walsh had red hair.

If his hair had been brown, this story would probably never had been written. He had, besides the hair, a pair of blue eyes and a quick temper. An Irish ancestor who had come to America had brought with him a spade and a brogue, a keen wit, the red hair, and the quick temper, and the hair survived. Sometimes they skipped a generation, and flashed out in the next one keener than before.

John Walsh had them. He was teacher in the Burleighville High School. There were three rooms in the school building. The room in which John Walsh taught was called the high-school room. The highest class in it was fitting for college, and the lowest—in which were Annie Day, and Dennis Quinn, and Edgar Button—was studying decimals. They were in the upper rooms only because the lower rooms had overflowed and floated them up to the front seats in the high school room. They sat there very much awed by their fate, and thankful when the flash of John Walsh's blue eyes overleaped them and landed on the big boys in the back seats.

The master's temper was no secret.

'As quick as John Walsh's temper,' was a town proverb. It had been the same in the boy as in the man. As a pupil, he had made his way through the school flashing and fighting and excelling. There had never been such a scholar in Burleighville. The town was secretly proud of him: and when, on his return from college, he had applied for the position of teacher in the high school to help him carry on his law studies, they had welcomed him back. The life of the school had quickened and broadened. He imparted enthusiasm and knowledge in the same breath. Every pupil in the room became alert. They loved the fiery, impetuous master; and the fact that they stood a little in awe of him did not diminish zeal.

It was the last week of the spring term. John Walsh had been teaching in Burleighville two years. He was planning to go, at the end of the term, to study with the well-known firm of Marsh and Blakewell, of Boston. His old mother was comfortably provided for, and there was money ahead to carry him through. The last week of the term promised to be balmy—indoors and out.

Three weeks before the end of the term a change had come. Word had been received from Marsh and Blakewell that there was doubt of their being able to receive a law student this year. They would write again in two weeks. Meanwhile, they 'remained regretfully,' etc.

The sky clouded in the Burleighville high school. Signs of a storm were on the horizon. The school took in sail and steered very close to the wind, with caution glancing at the blue eyes flashing and darting above them. The front seats quaked and worked on decimals.

'There he goes!'

'Hurry up, Annie!'

'We'll be late!'

'Let's go 'cross the island.'

The group broke into a swift, jogging run. Books and slates and dinner pails bumped in swinging hands, and panting breaths escaped. Hurrying feet rattled the loose boards of the bridge and thudded on the soft grass as they crossed the island.

Tommy Day was last in the race. He had a round face and fat legs, and his little brown trousers were too wide. He lumbered along, holding fast to his sister's hand, and wailing now and then at the flying group. They gave no heed till the other bridge was reached. There they paused, glancing at it a little doubtfully and nudging each other to go on.

Two signs were across it: 'Danger.—Not a public way.'

It was a swinging bridge—two parallel cables with boards across and a stout rope for hand-rail. It had been thrown across for the operatives of the mill on the island.

But the island was a handy cut when one was late, and the last bell ringing.

'Go on, Will.' Sammy Talcott gave the boy in front a little push.

'G'on yerself.'

'Hurry up! We'll be late.'

The boy hesitated. Then, with a little run, his feet touched the bridge and sped swiftly across. He swayed lightly to the motion, and barely touched the hand-rope swinging beside him.

With a whoop and a chase, they followed, big and little, speeding across, one at a time, and landing with a flying leap.

'Come on, Annie.'

'Oh, leave him there!'

'He's a baby! Come on!'

Tommy plumped himself on the ground, his legs extended, and raised a round wail to heaven.

The group across the river regarded him with eager disgust. 'Come along!'—'He'll come if you leave him!'—'Hurry up!'

She placed one foot on the bridge and glanced down at Tommy. Then she looked at the bridge.

The group waited. 'Coward yourself, Annie Day!' called Mary Bell, tauntingly.

''Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!'

She looked over to them appealingly. 'He's too little,' she called back. Her voice was high and squeaking, and her small face was full of anxious care.

'Oh, leave 'em alone!'—'Come on!'

'There's the bell!' They turned with a wild scramble. Their voices floated back as they ran, and grew faint and fainter. The air was very still. The boom of the mill on the other side of the island hummed softly in it. A sparrow, hopping in a bush by the water, looked up at the pair and gave a little trill, and hopped away.

She bent over him sternly: 'Get up, Tommy; I'm going back round the island with you. Now, don't you cry any more.'

Tommy's mouth, which had opened to emit a fresh sound, closed suddenly. He snuffed and looked at her—resentfully and hopefully.

She wiped his eyes on her apron and held out her hand. 'Come along,' she said, swiftly.

They disappeared through the bushes, Tommy's fat legs wagging fast. The grey stockings and flying shoe strings, seen from behind, had an air of renewed courage.

The door opened timidly. It was Annie Day—15 minutes late. She squeaked respectfully and went hurriedly to her seat.

The first class in arithmetic was reciting. The master looked up with a frown.

'Wait!' he said, sharply, to the boy who was reciting.

The boy paused.

A hush was on the room.

Annie squeaked miserably through it, the freckles on her small face lost in the rush of color, and her little turned-up nose with its anxious, deprecating look, glanc-

ing hastily now and then at the master's face.

The blue eye was fixed on her sternly. When she had subsided into the front seat and had bent her face to the desk to look for her book and slate, the eye turned again to the class.

'Go on,' he said shortly.

The silence clicked, and the boy went on reciting.

The class in arithmetic was dismissed. and the second reading class had been called. They sat erect in their seats, their books clasped, motionless, in front of them, waiting the signal.

Into the silence fell a muffled clatter and a crash—Dennis Quinn had tipped over his dinner pail. He did it once a week on an average. His feet were large. His scared face disappeared under the desk.

The master glared. 'Come here, Quinn!' he said, sharply.

There was no response. Dennis, under cover of the desk, was grappling with a rolling tea cup, cold boiled cabbage, and doughnuts and pie, and he was deaf to the world above him.

A big, swift hand reached down and seized him by the collar, throwing him half across the open space in front of the school.

He stood quavering, the broken cup in one hand and the sugared doughnut in the other.

The master's face was white with rage. 'I'll teach you to come when I call!' he said between his teeth. He reached out and seized the collar again. The boy's teeth chattered and the tea cup and doughnut flew in two directions as he shook, like a rat, in the strong hands. The master threw him from him, with a force that sent the boy sprawling under the table. Then he stood staring down at a white, freckled face at his elbow.

Little Annie Day, shaking with fright and anger, had him by the coat. Her hands shook and her white face worked helplessly. 'Don't you touch him again, you mean old thing, you!' she piped shrilly.

A deep hush was on the room. Breathless necks craned at the scene.

Dennis, from beneath the table, lifted a trembling hand and straightened his collar and groped for his doughnut.

A flood of color surged into the master's white face and out again, leaving it whiter than before.

Annie had ceased pulling. She stood with her head meekly bent, waiting for the storm to descend.

The master looked at her for a long minute. He brushed a quick hand before his eyes and looked again. The rage had gone from his face. No one in the school had ever seen it look like this.

The silence deepened.

'Take your seats,' he said quietly.

He stepped to the table and touched the little bell. Dennis, from beneath, sped swiftly to his seat.

At a second tap of the bell, the class in reading rose from their seats and filed silently to their places before him.

. . . . . .

The school had assembled with white aprons and clean collars, and with shining faces. It was the last day. To-morrow would be vacation. To-day they would speak pieces and have prizes. A row of complacent mothers and a scattering of fathers lined the walls and gave glory to the day.

The pieces had been spoken and the last prize distributed, when the master rose to speak. His blue eyes swept the room. In his hand he held a small object that shone in the light.

'I have another prize to give,' he said, slowly. 'It was not offered, but it has been earned.'

The school looked on, breathless.

'There is in England,' went on the master's voice, 'a reward that is given only for bravery. It is known as the Victoria Cross. No one can wear it who has not been very brave. It is a great honor to have it. I have here'—he glanced at the bright object in his hand—'a cross that I should like to give in the same way.'

He paused. A flutter ran through the school.

'To-morrow,' said the master, 'I shall leave you. I may never live here again. But I should like to think that you do not forget me.'

Some of the girls blinked very fast. The boys looked out of the window.

'I should like to send every year a cross like this'—he held it up—'to be given to someone who has shown special courage.'

They gazed at it respectfully. Envious glances stole towards Willie Flint, in the back row. He sat very straight, his eyes fixed on the master's face, a serene look on his own.

There was no doubt as to who would have it. Willie Flint's name had been in all the local papers. He had become a hero since the day he rushed out and stopped old Mose Beckman's runaway horse. It had all been in a minute—old Mose swaying drunkenly on the seat—a swift plunge at the horse, a turn toward the fence, a blocking of the wheel against the post, before the horse could plunge away—any boy would have done it. But one or two of the other boys longed to pummel him as he gazed serenely at the master—after the droop of an eyelid toward the lapel of his coat.

The master looked at the cross thoughtfully, and then at the school. He opened his lips. 'I give this cross,' he said slowly, 'because of special bravery, to—Annie Day.'

The room stirred swiftly and shifted its gaze to a small girl in the front seat.

She sat with a dazed countenance, blinking at the glittering cross. Her anxious little nose was upturned to it.

Dennis Quinn bent over her and gave her a labored punch. 'It's your'n,' he whispered, loudly.

The master smiled. 'Bring her here, Dennis,' he said.

Dennis grinned. He reached out a hand and, taking her by the elbow, shoved her gently to the front of the room.

The master bent and pinned the cross on the plaid shoulder, and she tip-toed back amid breathless silence. Then the school broke into cheers and clapping.

She looked up for a swift, doubtful moment, and her head fell forward on her arms. She burst into tears. They ran down her face and fell on the cross, and took the starch out of her white apron.

Not until recess, when the older girls gathered round her in the yard, fingering the cross, and admiring it, did she begin to understand what it was all about.

Tommy, surrounded by a group of cronies from the primary-room, pointed a short, fat finger at the cross. 'That's my sister,' he said, proudly.

Years later, when John Walsh was a leader at the bar, and his patience and skill and swift wit and even temper with baffling witnesses and opposing counsel were the wonder and admiration of his fellow lawyers, he was accustomed to say, with a shrewd glint of the blue eye, that a little girl in the upper room at Burleighville had taught him to keep his temper.

Margaret's Books

(L. M. Montgomery, in 'Wellspring.')

Margaret Hartley put down the letter which she had been reading, and looked, in a somewhat homesick fashion, out through the window of the little log schoolhouse across the prairies that were dull and gray in the late autumn weather. It was the noon hour, and Margaret had eaten her dinner out of the little tin pail in which Mrs. Murray always put it up, and smiled when she thought how Bert and Patty would laugh to see her. But Bert and Patty and home were far away.

The little schoolroom with its shabby desks and tattered maps was very quiet. The younger scholars were playing down by the spring under the willow bluff. In a corner of the room a group of five girls, all of whom were as old as Margaret herself, were poring intently over a paper which Lizzie Ryan and Sue Robertson held between them. Now and then, the silence was broken by a long-drawn sigh of excitement from one of the quintette, or a whispered question as to whether they all had finished the page.

When Margaret had read and re-read her letter, she found time to wonder in what the big girls were so interested. Generally during noon hour they lounged about the schoolroom and discussed Lindsay gossip with a zest which made their teacher half sorry and half contemptuous. The contempt, however, was always checked when she remembered that these girls had nothing else to talk about. With so little to broaden or beautify their bare, narrow lives, it was small wonder that this one's marriage and that one's 'beau,' this family scandal and that family quarrel, filled up their thoughts and conversation.

Sometimes Margaret tried to talk with them about books and art, and the great events and discoveries of the busy age. The girls listened with an almost pitiful interest, but they could not discuss that of which they knew and understood nothing, and the result was a rather dismal monologue. They were bright girls, too, eager to learn and to make the most of their limited opportunities. There were many more like them in Lindsay who did not come to school, and Margaret would have liked to help them, but she did not know how.

Presently Margaret got up and went down the aisle to the corner where the girls sat. So absorbed were they in their paper, that they did not heed her approach, and she stood by Rosetta Carney's side, for a few minutes, unnoticed.

The paper they were reading was a cheap, illustrated one. The particular story over which Rosetta and her friends were poring was entitled, 'Beautiful Dolores' Lovers, or The Mysterious Midnight Marriage at Haddington Hall,' and the page was garnished with the picture of a wild-eyed young lady being carried off bodily by a young man with a magnificent mustache, presumably the villain, while a weird old crone exulted in the background.

Presently Rosetta, becoming aware of

the teacher's presence, looked up, with flushed cheeks and over-bright eyes.

'O Miss Hartley, it is such a splendid story,' she said, breathlessly. 'I declare I can hardly wait from one week to another for it.'

'O girls, why will you read such stories?' said Margaret. 'They are absolute trash.'

Surprise and wonder were depicted on her listeners' faces. Perhaps Louise Thompson, the oldest girl and best scholar in the school, understood her teacher's meaning more clearly than the others, for she colored slightly and said, in a somewhat resentful tone, 'We've nothing else to read, Miss Hartley. People here are thankful for any kind of reading matter when winter comes. Rena's aunt, down East, sends her this paper, and she hands it all round. I don't see any harm in these stories.'

'There may be no positive harm in them,' said Margaret, gently; 'but they are silly and exaggerated, and present very distorted views of life. I don't like to see my girls reading them.'

'Mother reads them,' said Rosetta Carney, sullenly, 'and she thinks they are just splendid.'

Margaret was silent. She went back to her desk, and the girls, after a few doubtful whispers, returned to the history of beautiful Dolores's lovers, of whom she seemed to have so many that the greatest mystery was how their historian ever managed to keep track of them all.

Louise Thompson alone had lost her interest. That evening she walked home with Margaret, and reverted, somewhat shamefacedly, to the noon incident. 'I suppose, Miss Hartley, you think we are very foolish girls to get so interested in those stories. But they are kind of exciting when you get into them—and we've nothing much to read'—

'I understand,' said Margaret, sympathetically. 'But, Louise, I really think it would be better not to read anything at all than to read that trash. It isn't wholesome.'

'But it's so dull here,' pleaded Louise. 'You don't know how dreadful it is in winter—the long evenings with nothing to do. We wouldn't want those papers if we had anything better.'

That evening, when Margaret was sitting alone in the room, an idea came to her that made her frown and look wistfully at her bookcase. It was a big one and well filled with dainty volumes in the choicest bindings. She sat down before them and looked them over—histories and biographies, volumes of poems and essays, books of travel and exploration and science, together with the best fiction of the master story-tellers. The bookcase contained the very cream of her 'down East' library.

'I hate to do it, but I will,' she said.

The next day was Saturday, and Margaret went to town on her wheel. She brought back a bottle of mucilage and as much brown paper as she could carry. By night all the volumes in her bookcase were swathed in stout covers, and a blank book, with spaces ruled for entry, had been added to them.

Monday afternoon in school, Margaret made an announcement which created quite a sensation and sent ripples of excitement all over Lindsay before night. It was to the effect that she intended to open up a small, circulating library with her books, and anyone who wished could get a book on Saturday afternoons at her boarding-house.

The idea was a success from the start. Every Saturday afternoon there was a crowd of eager applicants at Mrs. Murray's. Not only the girls and boys, but their fathers and mothers, came for books. At the noon hour, Margaret no longer found it difficult to talk with her girls. They were all ready and eager to discuss what they had read, and ask for explanation concerning things they had not understood.

A sort of informal literary club sprang up in Lindsay. Margaret wrote home, and Bert and Patty sent up dozens of old magazines and reviews that were new to the Lindsay people. Louise Thompson was a valuable and active assistant in Margaret's enterprise, and it would have been hard to say which was the more alert and interested. When the spring came, and Margaret's thoughts turned homeward, she made another little sacrifice, cheerfully.

'I'm going to leave these books here for the club,' she told Louise. 'They will serve as a nucleus for a good library. When I go home I will send you papers and magazines, regularly. The rest depends on yourselves.'

'Rosetta and I have been talking the matter over,' said Louise, brightly, 'and we have lots of plans.'

'Next winter,' said Margaret, 'I advise you to form yourselves into a literary society with a constitution, meet regularly in the schoolhouse for discussion, and charge a small membership fee to cover expenses. New ways and ideas will come to you all the time. I think there is no fear of your lapsing back to midnight murders and gruesome mysteries.'

'No; I think not,' said Louise, frankly. 'You know my brother Jack used to read those stories, and he was awfully discontented. He grumbled all the time about the dull life here, and slaving to no purpose, and all that. He wanted to go away to some big city. Well, he doesn't talk like that at all now, and he's real well satisfied. He was reading the Oregon Trail last night, and he thought it just splendid.'

When Louise had gone, Margaret went to her bookcase and looked at the well-read volumes and eloquent gaps with satisfied eyes.

'I'm so glad I did it,' she said. 'I'm ashamed now to think how hard it was at first.'

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The Old Man's Prayer.

(A New York Paper.)

In one of our city hospitals recently, the physicians were getting ready to perform an operation. The patient, an old man, was stretched upon the operating table, and when, at length, all was in readiness, one of the physicians approached with chloroform. The old man raised his hand, and said:

'Wait a moment.' Then folding his hands and closing his eye, he began repeating the prayer which he used to say at night at his mother's knee:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

The doctors bowed their heads reverently and waited; and when he had finished he looked up calmly, and said:

'I am ready.'

Skilful, tender fingers did their work, and after a time the eyes of the old man slowly unclosed again. As he took in the familiar surroundings, a look almost of disappointment crossed his face, and then he said, softly:

'As thou wilt, Lord.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 14, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Responsibilities of Trades Unions—'The Graphic,' London.
Chancellor Von Bulow—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The Individuality of the German Emperor—'The Spectator,' London.
M. De Witte—'Public Opinion,' London.
The Locked Up Explorers in the Antartic—'Black and White,' London
High Treason.
Serious 'Kaffir' Problem—The London 'Economist.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Millet—'The Pilot,' London.
Pepys as a Musician—'Daily News,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Saint Valentine, His Tomb—Poem by Clinton Scollard, in 'Lippincott's Magazine.'
Names—Poem, by S. T. Coleridge.
'Bring Forth with thee Every Living Thing'—Poem, by Dora Greenwell McChesney, in 'The Spectator,' London.
The Soul of the Dog—By Stanley Waterloo, in the 'Book-lovers' Magazine.'
Was it Written by Milton?—'The Athenæum,' London; the 'Academy and Literature.'
The Abuse of Humor—'The Pilot,' London.
Browning in Venice—Early recollections by the late Katherine de Kay Bronson, with prefatory note by Henry James 'The Cornhill Magazine.'
Cambridge Modern History—'The Athenæum,' London; 'The Speaker,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

The Fundamental Principle of Health Science—By Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the 'Illustrated London News.'
Gold Mining in Egypt—By Charles T. Alford, F.G.S., in 'Cassier's Magazine.'
A Helper and Friend of Mankind—'The Spectator,' London.
A Lady Balloonist—'The Daily News,' London.
Railway Accidents—'American Medicine.'

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A Pair of Jacks and Jills.

(B. M. Peirse, in 'Child's Companion')

There was great excitement at the Cottage, for the new rector had bought two swans.

'And where the poor creatures are to get water enough with only that bit of a pond, I can't think,' ended up Millie the housemaid, who brought the news.

The Rectory was a mile away up the dusty road at the top of the hill. The Cottage lay in the hollow with a wood opposite, and the softest emerald-green velvety lawn

possible, four steps up from the road through the little gate.

Jack and Jill, the twins, longed to see the swans.

'May we go to the Rectory garden after church on Sunday an' see them, mummie?' they asked.

But when Sunday came the swans had left the Rectory. Wearied no doubt of the tiny pond, they made their escape and wandered away too; they were tired of the long dusty road, and when they scented the sweet soft turf of the Cottage lawn, thought it next best to what they desired. So they took possession of the lawn; no one saw them come up the steps, but the gate had been left open and there they were.

Jack and Jill were radiant, and begged for a bowl of water and bread to feed them with. Alas! the swans, though they took advantage of this hospitality, were not gracious; perhaps the walk had ruffled their tempers, but they met all overtures with such hisses and stretchings of necks and flappings of wings, that the twins shrank back, and nurse firmly declined to step outside the door.

The family went to church by the back entrance, leaving the pretty cross visitors in front; and after service the rector was told where his lost pets were, and promised to send for them.

'Please send soon,' said mother, 'for we can't get into the garden.'

'Yes, please do,' added Jill, 'for I want to sit there—though they are lovely dear things,' she added.

Stealthily the family returned by the back gate, for the swans had a way of coming round the house to look into things that was embarrassing. Paddy, the terrier, was in the field, quite discomfited.

Presently a ragged urchin came up the steps with a little stick.

'Who's that?' cried Jack from the window.

But the boy took no notice; he prodded first one great bird and then the other.

'Come along, Jack—come on, Jill; mind where ye be a-goin', ye silly birds,' said he.

Then humbly and meekly the big bullying creatures obeyed, and the way they flopped down the four steps before their tiny driver was the most undignified thing you ever saw.

Mother and nurse and Millie and cook and the twins came running out to watch and laugh. Mother looked a little ashamed, and said it was 'just as well daddy wasn't at home to tease them,' and nurse said, 'Of all things!' and Millie and cook said, 'Well, I never!' at the same moment and had to have a wish. But Jack and Jill looked at each other.

'They were called after us—they *ought* to have behaved better, and that boy was *so* little! If they come again *we'll* take them back, our two selves, wiff two sticks,' said they.

Six Things Behind.

('Herald and Presbyter.')

'Rufus,' said his mother, 'did you mail the letter I gave you last evening?'

'Oh, mother, I forgot it. I meant to, but just then I had to go and get some new shoestrings, so it went out of my mind.'

'But didn't I speak of those things yesterday morning?'

'Yes; but just then father had called me to ask if I had weeded the pansy-bed the night before.'

'And had you?'

'No, mother; I was just then writing the letter you said must go to grandma—'

'I thought you were to write that on Saturday.'

'I meant to, but I had to do some examples that I didn't do on Friday, so I hadn't time.'

'Rufus,' called his brother, 'didn't you nail the broken slat on the rabbit pen yesterday?'

'Oh!' Rufus sprang up in dismay, 'I was just going to, but I hadn't watered the house-plants, and I went to do that, and then—'

'The rabbits are all out.'

Rufus hastened to join in the hunt for the pets. In the course of the search he came upon two tennis racquets which he had 'meant to' bring in the night before, and they were in bad condition.

There, now! it will cost ever so much to get these strung up. Why didn't I take them in, anyway? I remember, I hadn't locked the stable door when father called me and then I hurried to do it before he asked me again.

Later in the day, Rufus, with a penitent face, brought to his mother the letter which should have been mailed. During the rabbit hunt it had slipped out of his pocket, one of his brothers having found it in the damp clover, and it was now a sorry-looking missive.

'Rufus,' she said, as he sat on the porch-step near her, 'I do not see how you can endure to live such a burdened life.'

'How burdened, mother?'

'You are always hurrying from one thing to another—'

'Why, yes, you see, when I'm told to do one thing, I generally have to wait till I do something I've been told to do before. Then, by the time I do it, likely I've forgotten the other thing, so when somebody else tells me to do something else, there's something ahead of it. It seems just so all the time.'

'Exactly,' said his mother, with a smile at his way of putting it. 'You live all the time under a burden of undone duties.'

'Well, it does seem,' said Rufus, reflectively, 'as though I was always about six things behind.'

'That is a poor way to get along.'

'I guess it is,' agreed Rufus, with energy.

'Then, why don't you try a better way? It is a bad, bad habit. A habit clings to us and grows stronger. Every time we yield to it, it is one more brick added to the character we are building. A brick is a small thing and they are laid one by one, but, as a wall of habit rises day after day, how fearfully strong it is if the habit is a bad one! If you carry your habit into manhood—dragging along your burden of delayed or undone duties—what a wretched pattern of a man you will be!'

'I shouldn't like to be that.' said Rufus, soberly.

'I hope you will not.'

'But it does seem as though I never could get caught up.'

'Brace yourself to it, my boy. Ask for the help we all need, even in what we consider our smaller duties, and then be on the alert to do every duty in its proper time. Promptness and reliability are among the best foundation-stones on which a boy can build character.'

I Thank You.

('Waif.')

Three little words, nine letters wide;
And yet how much these words betide,
How much of thought or tenderness
This short 'I thank you!' may express.

When spoken with a proud disdain,
'Twill chill the heart like frozen rain;
Or when indifference marks its tone,
Turns love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As time goes on beneath the sun,
While marching in life's motley ranks,
For all our blessings to 'give thanks.'

To thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies great and rare,
For health and strength, for home and friends,
And loving care that never ends.

Then thank the ones whoe'er they be,
That do a kindness unto thee.
'Twill cost you little, pain you less,
This sweet 'I thank you!' to express.

The Dog and the New Testament.

('At Home and Abroad.')

Dr. Moffat, the celebrated South African missionary, tells a humorous story of a shepherd lad who had been converted by reading the New Testament. He had been very wayward, but the teachings of Jesus had made him quite a new boy. One day he came to Dr. Moffat in much distress, telling him that their big watchdog had got hold of the Book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat comforted him by saying it was no matter, for he could get another Testament.

But the boy was not at all comforted. 'Think of the dog,' he said. Dr. Moffat laughed, and said, 'If your dog can crunch an ox bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper.' Dr. Moffat supposed that the boy thought that the paper would hurt the dog's teeth, but that was not it.

'Oh, Papa Moffat,' he cried, 'I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart, and began to love everything and forgave all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting dog, has got the blessed book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers, and let them help themselves to the sheep and the oxen.'

What a beautiful tribute this African boy, out of the simplicity of his heart, paid to the power of the Bible.

Watching for Faults.

('Our Young Folks.')

'When I was a boy,' said an old man, 'I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. "Boys," he said, "you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me."

'Ah!' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, whom I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell the teacher.'

'It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master.

'"Indeed," said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

'"I saw him," said I.

'"You did? And were your eyes on your books when you saw him?"

'I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again.'

If we watch over our conduct and try to keep it right, and always do our duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others. This will keep us out of mischief, and make us helpful to others.

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LESSON X.—MARCH 8.

Paul at Ephesus.

Acts xix., 13-20.

Golden Text.

The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts xix., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 2.—Acts xix., 8-20.
Tuesday, Mar. 3.—Luke xi., 14-26.
Wednesday, Mar. 4.—Luke x., 17-24.
Thursday, Mar. 5.—Eph. ii., 1-10.
Friday, Mar. 6.—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Saturday, Mar. 7.—Mark ix., 38-50.
Sunday, Mar. 8.—Acts v., 12-16.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

13. Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth.

14. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which did so.

15. And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?

16. And the man in whom the evil spirit was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded.

17. And this was known to all the Jews and Greeks also dwelling at Ephesus; and fear fell on them all, and the name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.

18. And many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds.

19. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver.

20. So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.

According to the promise he had made, Paul, after his short visit to Jerusalem, Antioch, and various places in Asia Minor, returns to Ephesus, being now on his third missionary journey, A.D. 52 or 53. As Paul remained here about three years—longer, indeed, than in any place he preached,—we will do well to examine more thoroughly into the character and history of this city than we have done before.

Ephesus was called one of the two eyes of Asia, the other being Smyrna. It was once the capital of the Ionians, a branch of the Greek race, and they made the temple of Diana famous, though in this other cities aided them, as did the great Croesus, whose wealth originated the saying, 'As rich as Croesus.' He was king of Lydia and captured the city of Ephesus, which afterwards fell under Persian sway, then under the Macedonian-Greek rule. About 185 years before the time of our lesson, the city became the capital of a Roman province, though it was what was known as a 'free city,' that is, it had its own magistrates and assembly. The worship of the goddess Diana centred here, hence the greatness of her temple, and the considerable business done in making shrines used in her worship. It had a great colosseum, or theatre, which would hold, according to various estimates, from 25,000 to 50,000 people, but the temple Diana was the chief glory of the city. This magnificent structure was one of the 'seven wonders of the world.' Its beauty can be judged somewhat by the fact that it was surrounded by 100 columns of marble, each one a single piece, 55 feet high. Apelles and Parrhasius, two of the great painters of ancient times, were among those who ornamented the interior. They were native Ephesians, for Ephesus was a centre of art and learning. It was also a great and rich commercial city, and the most important place in all Asia Minor. The people were mainly Greeks. Ephesus, according to tradition, was the home of Mary the mother of Christ, and of the Apostle John, both of whom were said to be buried here. The Ephesian church became very influential, and was the first of the seven to which the Apostle John was bidden to write, in his great vision. See Revelation ii., 1-7. Only a few masses of ruins now mark the spot where the city once stood.

We find that Paul, as he had done at other places, began his work in the synagogue, but left it when the unbelievers opposed him. From there he went to 'the school of one Tyrannus,' where he taught for two years. Just what this school was is not known. but it is supposed to have been a school of rhetoric or philosophy, and that Paul had the use of the hall or lecture room after the regular session of the day was over. During this period of his ministry the gospel spread rapidly 'so that all they which dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus, both Jews and Greeks.' The power of God was so poured out upon Paul that he wrought many miracles, among other things casting out evil spirits. The events of our lesson for today were the result of an attempt on the part of certain Jews to imitate this miracle. Do not be content to take the outline given here, but make one of your own, each week, from the scripture before you. In this case we find the leading facts to be:

Certain Jews try to cast out evil spirits.
The sons of a priest attempt it.
They receive a sharp rebuke from the spirit.
The report of this case spreads through the city.
The cause of the gospel is helped thereby.
Believers are led to confess their sins.
Many sacrifice their evil books in public.

Schaff, the historian, says, 'At the time of our Lord many of the Jewish exorcists pretended to possess a power of casting out evil spirits by some occult art, which they professed was derived from King Solomon.' 'Exorcists' is a Greek word, and means those who adjure or command an evil spirit to leave a man. When Paul had been casting out evil spirits some of these 'vagabond,' or strolling, Jews, who were exorcists, thought to cast out evil spirits also, and that in the name of Jesus. They would 'call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus.' That is, they did not use the sacred name of the Saviour, as a humble and obedient believer, like Paul, would use it, but as though the name were a magical charm. They possibly looked upon Paul as simply a very successful man of their own class. Their exact words are given. 'We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth.' Seven sons of one Sceva, a priest, were among the Jews who did this, that is, attempted to cast out an evil spirit in the name of Jesus. The result is described in verses 15, 16. The spirit in scornful language, told them that it knew Jesus and knew Paul. 'But who are ye?' was its contemptuous question. The Greek has two different words which are here both translated 'know.' Perhaps a better rendering would be, 'Jesus I recognize, and Paul I know of.' This is not the first case where an evil spirit professed knowledge of Christ. In Mark i., 24, the man with the unclean spirit cried out, 'I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.' Also the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, followed Paul and his fellow workers at Philippi, and cried out, 'These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation.' Not only did the evil spirit deny any authority on the part of these Jews, but the man in whom it was, seized with a fit of madness, sprang upon them and drove them out of the house, wounded and naked.

The facts became known throughout the city, among both Jews and Greeks, and 'fear fell on them.' They saw now those who misused the name of Christ suffered, and that even an evil spirit recognized the Lord. This caused 'the name of the Lord Jesus' to be 'magnified.' They saw that Jesus was not a mere 'name to conjure with,' for such an attempt had resulted disastrously to these seven brothers, while Paul, who preached Christ as the Redeemer, the long promised Messiah, used this name with power in casting out evil spirits as well as in working other miracles. Great numbers, therefore, believed. Not only did they accept Christ, but many confessed their sins openly.

Bad as our cities are to-day, they probably could not compare with those in which Paul labored. Until Paul came, the great majority of the people had never heard of a Saviour; even if they did confess their sins to one another, who was there to pardon? But now Paul comes, teling of a Redeemer, a Saviour, the Messiah long expected, the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who has power to forgive sins. And when the divine power of Christ is further attested by the miracles the apostle works in his name, many conscience-stricken mortals hasten to confess their sins and accept the forgiveness Christ holds out. How freely they can now acknowledge themselves sinners, when forgiveness is within reach!

But this is not all that occurred. Those who made use of 'curious arts,' or works of magic, brought together the books upon these subjects, and openly burned them. These books were probably parchment rolls, in which were various recipes, directions, incantations and the like, used in the practice of jugglery and the 'black art,' as it has been called. The value of these books was computed to be 'fifty thousand pieces of silver,' and this has been estimated to equal not less than $50,000, as we reckon values. Writings of this character, three thousand years old, have been discovered in recent years. Something of a similar kind occurred in the time of Savonarola, the great preacher of Florence, in the fifteenth century. He so wonderfully influenced the Florentines that they were powerfully convicted, and things that were associated with wrong doing were destroyed. Mr. Hase says of this result of his preaching:

'Ill-gotten gain was given up. Mortal foes embraced one another. A mighty love of their fatherland, both the earthly and the heavenly, possessed men's minds. Gaming and dancing were at an end. National airs and love ditties hushed. Religious songs only were sung. At Shrovetide the people came freely, giving up worldly things, cards, dice, women's ornaments, lewd books and pictures (among the latter some of great value as works of art), and with solemn pomp committed them to the flames.'

Such acts as this show two things in particular about such conversions. In the first place, they were determined to put all temptation out of their reach. After the first emotion and excitement of the new life have passed they will have none of these things to tempt them back to the old ways—they have put temptation out of sight forever. As we say, 'they burned their bridges behind them,' so that there can be no retreat. The action was decisive. Then they put temptation out of the way of others. They did not rid themselves of these evil writings by selling them and so letting them exist to mislead and harm other men. No, they absolutely put these things out of existence. They had no wish to retain the price even, but made a noble sacrifice. When one is willing to pay the price of his religion in the personal sacrifices it costs, he is sincere, none can point a finger of scorn and ridicule at him. It costs something to be an O.A.O. (out and out) Christian.

In view of what these Ephesians did, verse 20 is not surprising. 'So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.' In the conduct of these Christians there was evidence of the convicting power of the Word, and their complete surrender made them Christians of influence, able to aid grandly in bringing about the conversion of others. What they did and attained is at once your duty and privilege.

But Paul had enemies at Ephesus, and next week we learn of a riot that broke out there, on account of the effect the gospel was having upon the worship of Diana.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 8.—Topic—What Christ teaches about heart-righteousness. Matt. v., 20-48; vi., 16-18.

Junior C. E. Topic

LESSONS FROM LIONS.

Monday, Mar. 2.—Satan a lion. 1 Pet. v., 8.

Tuesday, Mar. 3.—We may conquer. Ps. xci., 13.

Wednesday, Mar. 4.—Saved from lions. Dan. vi., 22.

Thursday, Mar. 5.—Faith and lions. Heb. xi., 33.

Friday, Mar. 6.—Delivered from lions. 2 Tim. iv., 17.

Saturday, Mar. 7.—No lions in heaven. Isa. xxxv., 9.

Sunday, Mar. 8.—Topic—Bible lessons from lions. Ps. xxxiv., 10; Prov. xxviii. 1.

The Boundary Line.

(R. Stansby Williams in 'Temperance Record.')

'Jack won't sign.' Bob Everitt spoke in a disappointed tone, rolling into a ball the antimacassar that hung over the easy chair on the arm of which he had been sitting.

'Oh, do be careful, Bob,' put in Violet from the hearthrug, 'you're making a perfect wisp of that antimacassar.'

'Bother the thing,' said Bob, unrolling it, and flinging it over the chair again. Violet got up from the hearthrug, re-adjusted Bob's handiwork in tidier fashion, and went back to her place again. 'But why won't Jack sign?' she asked.

'He says there's no need,' Bob answered. 'Says he can take care of himself. But I got him to promise one thing,' he went on more hopefully.

Violet looked up. 'What's that?' she asked.

'I got him to promise,' said Bob, speaking very deliberately, 'that—if ever—he took too much—he'd sign right off.—There,' and he paused triumphantly.

Violet looked thoughtfully into the fire. 'I'm afraid that won't be much good,' she said slowly. 'He won't——'

'Oh, of course not,' broke in Bob, aggrieved. 'If I——'

'Now, Bob, dear,' said his sister in her turn, 'all I meant was that Jack would take care never to get drunk'—Violet hesitated over the word as if it were unfamiliar—'not right down tipsy, you know, because he'd have to sign then.'

'That's just it,' said Bob, triumphantly. 'You don't see. Girls are such muffs. Why, some day or other Jack's sure to take too much; and then I've got him. I go up to him with my pledge book straight off: "Now you've gone over the mark." That's what I should say, "Now you must sign." And he will, you'll see.'

Violet shook her head doubtfully. She know her brother Jack better than Bob did; and while she knew he would keep his word if he actually crossed the line and came home really tipsy, yet she knew that he would not admit he had been if anyhow he could help it, but would make fun of Bob the next morning and declare he had only had 'a glass or so.' She knew how much Jack's ways troubled her mother, though Mrs. Everitt never discussed the matter with her little daughter. The mother had often spoken quietly to her elder son, but he always met her remonstrances in the half-joking, half-serious manner that he dealt with almost everything now; and Mrs. Everitt at last gave up the matter in despair, and said no more.

Jack had given his promise to Bob, feeling sure himself that he would never, as he called it, go over the line—never come home thoroughly drunk. But as it turned out, and as it so often happens, Jack miscalculated his own strength; and one night later than ever—so late that the cold chill that always comes before the dawn had settled down upon everything—Jack came home, not only drunk, but maddened with drink, not knowing and not caring what he did. For a time his mother sought to quiet him, but in vain. He was simply crazed with liquor and with passion. Something, or someone, had angered him while out, and he had brought the recollection home with him. He pushed his mother roughly aside, for he did not seem to recognize her, and lurching heavily along the passage made his way to the little kitchen beyond. 'I'll let him have it,' he said in a thick hoarse voice, his mind evidently dwelling upon some real or fancied injury; and as he spoke he gave a sweeping cut with the walking stick he carried, a cut that, narrowly missing Mrs. Everitt's head, brought down half the plates and jugs from the dresser with a crash. 'I'll let him have it,' he said, and with another sweep of his stick the mantel piece was cleared.

Mrs. Everitt stood a moment. Should she call in a neighbor; she was loth to make Jack's condition known, and she was afraid, too, that he would do some injury to anyone who tried to restrain him. He had dropped into a chair, and sat gazing round with the stupid look of a drunken man. So his mother, taking advantage of this quiet moment, turned out the gas and left the room, closing the door after her. She listened a long while upstairs, after quieting Violet and Bob, who had been wakened by the noise, but all remained still; once she crept downstairs, and heard heavy but regular breathing that told her Jack was sleeping off his drink.

The bright sunlight shining through the window fell full on his face and woke him. Bewildered and astonished he looked round. Floor, table and dresser were covered with broken fragments of crockery and ornaments. His mouth was dry, his head aching. He rested his elbows on the table and tried to think. Slowly it all came back. The evening's drinking bout, the quarrel with a companion over some trivial matter, the return home, and the wreck he himself had made. Slowly and ashamed he gathered up the fragments that strewed the floor. As he was doing so the door opened and Mrs. Everitt entered, Violet and Bob behind her. A deep flush dyed Jack's face as he saw his younger brother and sister; then trying to smile, he said, 'Well, Bob, you've won, you see,' and he pointed to the shattered crockery. 'I've crossed the boundary line with a vengeance."

Bob thus brought to the fulfilment of his wishes did not know what to say, and looked from his sister to his mother for inspiration. Then he blurted out, 'You said you'd sign, Jack,' and produced from his jacket pocket a rather grubby pledge book. And Jack signed there and then.

Why I Belong to the Band of Hope.

I'm a little temperance man,
I respond to duty's call;
'Tis, I think, the better plan—
Duty should command us all.

Duty says in language clear,
Use your eyes, note what you see;
Evil comes from drinking beer;
This, then, interferes with me.

Observation tells me plain
Cider, brandy, beer, and gin
Ruin and becloud the brain,
Leading down to every sin.

Common sense says—'Let it be;
Put away the tempting cup;
From all alcohol be free;
Give the vile destroyer up.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Feb., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

Letters from the following have been received:—Lizzie Loomer, Kingsport, N.S.; Charlie Wood, Wilmot; Annie G. S., Winthrop, Ont.; Florence A. N., Carsonville, N.B.; Charles Pine, Mulock, Ont.; Margaret McCully, St. Mary's, Ont.; Effie E. Pearson, Metcalf, Ont.; 'Pansy,' Craigville; Joe, Keswick Ridge, N.B.; Carl A. Bridges, Ashdad, Ont.; Basil Griffin, Milgrove, Ont.; Ethel Mackay, Balmoral Mills, N.S.; Jeannette I. N., Heath Head, Ont.; Violet M. Grimes, Aylmer, Que.; A. B. D., Ormand Que.; May W., Mara, Ont.; Arnold Bridge Abbott's Corner, Que.; Cora M. Switzer, Darlingford, Man.; Eu. Wrabun, Port Lorn, N.D.; Clarence C. Ludwig, Arlington, Nebraska; Johnnie Daron, Carleton Place, Ont.; Katherine Stuart, Wayburn, Assa., N.W.T.; Myrtle O. Taylor, Kerwood, Ont.; Nellie L. Borland, Otonobee, Ont.; Robbie Steadman Ranney, Maple Wood; J E. M., Hagersville, Ont.; Louis Livingstone, Tilsonburg, Ont.; Belle M. Stevenson, Cartwright, Man.; Ward Binkley, Souris, Man.; Clara Allison, Gilbert's Mills; E. Clarge, Toronto, Ont.; Jessie Stewart, Bothwell, P.E.I.; Vera Norrish Walkerton, Ont.

Elmhedge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger.' We live on a farm. For pets we have two dogs, Collie and Towser. I go to school nearly every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Mills, and I like him very much. I am in the second book. I have six brothers and one sister. I am nine years old. Good-bye, Editor.

ERNEST N.

Glace Bay, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—Our town is growing very fast; it is now the third largest in the province. We have here the largest coal shaft in America, and we have here, too, the Marconi towers, from which they flash across messages to the Old Country. There are many more interesting places here.

MARY M. (age 8).

(We will look forward to another interesting letter from you, Mary, telling us more things of your town.—Ed.)

West Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to you before because we have only taken the 'Messenger' for a short time. Perhaps you would like to hear about the fire we had on the night of Oct. 16. It began about seven o'clock. We heard the alarm and ran out into the yard, when we saw a great blaze towards the east. We hurried in and put on our things and started out that way. At first we thought it was the stables of the Waddington mansion, but soon we saw it was the mansion itself. Flames were bursting from every window, and there was a continuous shower of sparks which drifted over the houses and set a number of them on fire; but they were soon put out. The fire department could do nothing to save the mansion. I believe this is the largest fire Westhaven has had for several years. The Waddingham mansion was one of the finest buildings in Connecticut, and cost over half a million. It was built by Wilson Waddingham, a New Mexico cattle king, but was little used, although much had been spent to furnish it. I have one sister. Both of my grandmas are living, one is seventy-nine and the other eighty. I am fourteen years old and my birthday is on Jan. 4th.

E. G. T.

(Very nicely written. Thank you for the pretty photograph of the ruins of the mansion.—Ed.)

Blackville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' was presented to me by my sister, on my birthday, and I love to read it very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. My sisters' names are Iva and Birdie, and my brothers' names are George and Lloyd. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Iva Barry. We have a mission band here. My sister is the president of it. We learn quite a lot about Corea. We all en-

joy the mission band. The day school is about a mile away, upon a hill. There are three teachers in our school. My teacher's name is Miss McCarthy. I am in the third book. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Fraser. He belongs to St. George; he came here last July. There are two mills in Blackville, at the mouth of the Bartholomew river. I am eleven years old.

LAURA B.

Glen Colin.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school, and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I live on a farm, and my father grows five to six thousand head of celery every year. I live in Elgin County, and our nearest town is Aylmer. We can, from our front window, see the Wabash railway, and just south of us they are surveying the Pere Marquette Railway. They are going to build an electric railway from London to Port Burwell.

F. W. (age 10).

Exploits, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—We have a temperance band in our Sunday-school. There are more than a hundred who go to Sunday-school, and nearly all of them have signed the temperance pledge. There is no intoxicating drink sold in our town. I was up in Boston in the autumn, but I would rather live in Newfoundland; yet Boston is a fine city. I like to travel in cars. My brother Bert takes the 'Messenger' too; he received his Bagster Bible a few days ago; it is very nice, I think, for so little trouble.

L. M.

Otonabee, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I passed into the second book. Our teacher's name is Miss Clysdale. We live on a farm; I go to Sunday-school. It is three miles away.

H. S. B.

Walkerton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Walkerton is situated in a valley, and there are many hills around it. It is very much fun in the winter to sleigh ride and skate. I live in the courtyard, and have lots of playground. The Saugeen river runs through the town, and supplies the water for the mills, binder-twine factory, electric light house and other buildings. A bend in the river at the north of the town is fitted up with benches, and in the summer-time it is very cool there. I have two pet canaries. My birthday is on April 8.

VERA N. (aged11).

Kilsyth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received my Bagster Bible, and was well pleased with it. I did not expect such a nice one. We take the 'Northern Messenger' also, and we like it very much. Most of the people around here take it also. I go to the Presbyterian church. With many thanks for the Bible,

MAY A.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—Having read so much in the 'Northern Messenger' about the temperance, pledge crusade, I decided to send and get a pledge-blank, and to add more names to those already received by you. In looking over the names on the honor rolls, I have seen no names from Newfoundland. I thought, therefore, I could begin, and others would follow. I hope to receive the pledge-blank that I may begin work at once.

FRED. T.

Leamington, N.S.

Dear Editor,—This winter I got up a list of five new subscribers for the 'Messenger,' and received a lovely Bagster Bible, for which I acknowledge thanks. As I had a nice one before, I gave that one to my father for a Christmas present. I have belonged to both the Maple Leaf Club and the I.O.G.T. Lodge for some time. I am much interested in the temperance crusade, and I am glad that so many pledges have been taken. I got forty people to sign it for me, and I received a lovely picture as a reward. I would have got more to sign it, but two other girls in this place were getting names also, and as this is only a small settlement, I thought it was no use to try to get any more, for about everybody has signed it. Wishing all the readers of the 'Messenger' a happy and prosperous new year,

ANNIE A. C.

Greenwich, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I got up a club for the 'Messenger' not very long ago for my brother, and he got a nice Bible, which he gave to me. I am a member of the Baptist church, and I belong to the Christian Endeavor. I am twelve years old, and my birthday comes on the eleventh day of June. I wonder if any of the others who write have the same birthday. I go to school and am in the seventh grade. I study number five Royal Reader and third arithmetic.

JESSIE M. D.

Dalkeith, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth book. I tried for promotion, but failed. There are two stores here, and two blacksmith's shops, and one grist and a saw mill.

I hung my stockings up at Christmas, and I got a doll, a picture frame, a hair ribbon, a handkerchief, a slate, and lead pencils; also some candies and nuts. I get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like to read it very much. I wish the Editor and readers of the 'Messenger' a bright and happy new year.

HATTIE MacI.

Hortonville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Seeing other little boys' letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write you one. I live near the mouth of the Gaspereaux river, and also the Acacia Villa school, a boarding school for boys. My brother and I have two tame rats; they are white and have pink eyes; we keep them in a little house. I have a pet colt. I have a great aunt who will be one hundred and one years old in March, if she lives. She lives in Sheffield Mills.

AUSTIN C. W. (age 9).

Hamilton Beach, Can.

Dear Editor,—I live at Hamilton Beach, five miles from the Ambitious City. Hamilton is very beautifully situated between the mountain and Burlington Beach, at the head of Lake Ontario. It is getting to be quite a manufacturing centre, especially the north-east portion of it. The Deering Co. has a large portion of land, and they are very busy putting up extensive buildings, which it will take years to complete.

We are very proud of our mountain. We reach it by street cars and incline railway. From the top of it we have a grand view of the city and the country east and west of it. Our land extends to the bay, and it is very convenient for us. The bay is situated between Hamilton and the beach. Its length is seven miles and its width three miles. The summer sports on the bay are yachting, bathing and fishing. In the winter we skate on the ice, go ice-boating and fishing through holes in the ice. Wishing you all a happy new year,

ELLA G.

Tel River.

Dear Editor,—My home is in Campbellton, but I am spending my holidays with a friend.

Campbellton is a beautiful town situated on the Restigouche river. In the rear of the town is the Sugar Loaf mountain, which rises to the height of one thousand eight hundred feet. In the summer many parties are formed to climb the mountain, and in winter snowshoe parties are formed for the same purpose. There are many places of historical interest in our town, one of them being 'Athol House,' which is a beautiful old-fashioned church. Many cannon balls have been found near there, and other relics of bygone days. Two cannons have been brought from Quebec and placed in front of the grammar school. They were formerly used by Wolfe and Montcalm. The 'Indian Reserve' is across the river from Campbellton, and tourists who come to the town in summer like to cross on the ferry and spend a few hours with the Indians.

I go to the Presbyterian church, and belong to the Christian Endeavor, and am secretary of the Mission Band. Our band is called 'The Northern Lights.'

'DRICKSEY.'

HOUSEHOLD.

For the Sake of the Child.

(By Mrs. J. M. Hunter.

He was a bright, handsome little fellow of six or seven years, at least that was my impression as he came bounding into the cozy sittingroom, where his mother and I sat engaged in earnest conversation. Catching sight of me, he paused with, 'Say, mamma, I'm going over to see Jim Morris—he called me across the street, and I'm going over.' I noticed that he did not ask permission to go, but simply stated his intention to do so.

'Now, Freddie,' began his mother in an expostulatory tone, 'I wouldn't if I were you; you know that I told you, again and again, that I do not want you to visit that boy; he is a very bad boy, and uses wicked language, and—

'Oh pshaw!' replied our young hero, 'he's going to have a jolly show, and he wants me to come, and I'm going,' and with that he was off, before the little woman could offer further remonstrance.

A troubled look came into her face as she said, 'I'm sure I do not know what is to be done with Freddie! Such associations will ruin him, but he pays no attention to my wishes.'

Ah, I reflected, another instance where family government is only 'a government of persuasion,' and when that fails, as it usually does, nothing more is done. My heart yearned over the boy as I thought what he might be made if properly restrained, and what he surely would become if allowed to go on in his own way. How many otherwise good mothers, like this one, have not firmness to exercise the needed discipline with their children! Often the very tone in which they speak to the child, says plainly—'I know you are not going to obey, but I'll tell you what you ought to do, and then if you won't mind, I can't help it.'

A case in point is that of a mother who gently requested her young son to bring in some wood. He flatly refused; and then

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We will send to every subscriber or reader of this paper, or worthy person recommended by a subscriber or reader, a full-sized **One Dollar** package of **VITÆ-ORE,** by mail, **postpaid,** sufficient for one month's treatment, to be paid for within one month's time after receipt, if the reader can truthfully say that its use has done him or her more good than all the drugs and dopes of quacks or good doctors or patent medicines he or she has ever used. **Read** this over again carefully and understand that we ask our pay only **when it has done you good, and not before.** We take all the risk; you have nothing to lose. If it does not benefit you, you pay us nothing. We do not offer to send you a free sample to last only three or four days, nor to send you a medicine which will cure you with only four or five drops; but we do offer to send to you a regular **$1** package of the **most successful, natural medicine known to the civilized world,** without one cent of risk to you. We offer to give you thirty days to try the medicine, thirty days to see results before you need pay us one cent, **and you do not pay unless you do see the results.** We know that when this month's treatment of **Vitæ-Ore** has either cured you or put you on the road to a **cure,** you will be more than willing to pay. **Vitæ-Ore** has cured more chronic, obstinate, pronounced-incurable cases than any other known medicine, and will reach every case with a more rapid and powerful curative action than any medicine, treatment, or combination of medicines which it is possible to procure,

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Send for a $1 Package at Our Risk. You Have Nothing to Lose,

THEO. NOEL, Geologist, DEPT. A. M., 101 YORK STREET, **Toronto.**

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she only said: "Now, Artie, be a pretty boy, and do as mamma tells you.' But Artie was not ambitious to 'be a pretty boy,' and so the wood was not forthcoming, until the indulgent mother herself brought it in.

That boy has grown to manhood—but he is a great sorrow to his parents,—disrespectful (as might be expected) to his mother, and travelling the road to a drunkard's grave.

I think now of an unusually interesting child who could be easily restrained and made very sweet and lovable but his doting parents affirm that they are 'going to control him by love,' and so about the only reproof they ever give is to say very lamely, 'Son, I wouldn't do that.' So 'son' goes on having his own way, becoming more and more perverse and wilful, and making himself disagreeable to others, and often painfully embarrassing his parents. How disagreeable an uncontrolled child soon becomes!

The following incident seems in place: Two children were playing with some kittens and a dog. The game was to bury the kittens in a pile of loose sand, and watch Fido scratch them out. This seemed great fun; but one kitten was allowed to remain too long, and when brought out it was limp and lifeless. The little girl put it into her apron, and ran away to her mother, saying, with much earnestness, 'Just see here, mamma, a perfectly good cat spoiled.' Are there not many 'perfectly good' children 'spoiled' just because they are too long let alone, when a little needed correction and firmness would develop them into very lovable and helpful girls and boys? But little punishment would be required if sufficient firmness were exercised.—Christian Observer.

Selected Recipes

Coffee Cake.—One pint bread sponge, one tablespoonful of molasses, one teacupful of sugar, one teacupful of seeded raisins, half a teaspoonful of soda, one egg, butter the size of an egg, spice to suit the taste, flour to make as stiff as pound-cake. Mix with a spoon, let rise until very light and bake as bread.

Raisin Porridge.—A dozen large raisins, cut in pieces and boiled half an hour in a little water. When the water has all boiled away, add one cupful of milk, and when this has been brought to the boiling point, stir in a thickening made of a teaspoonful of flour wet in a little cold milk. The porridge is done when it is smooth, and as thick as custard. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt as it is taken from the fire, and serve hot.—'New York Evening Post.'

Elegant FUR SCARF FREE

Send us your name and address on a **Post Card** and we will send you **10 Canadian Home Cook Books** to sell for us at **15c.** each. **Every lady buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each book. Laura Barry, Blackville, N.B., said: "Your Cook Books went like hot cakes. Everyone was pleased with them." This elegant Fur Scarf, which we give for selling only **10** Cook Books is 3 ft. 6 in. long, 5 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. Annie Vold, Asker, Alta., says: "I am delighted with my Ruff. All my friends think it is a beauty." Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 478, Toronto, Ont**

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Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Houn, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any $50.00 Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books at 15c.** each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. P. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 474, Toronto, Ont.**

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Solid Gold finished, set with Rubies and Pearls, **FREE** for selling 4 of my large Art Pictures at the reduced price of 25 cents. All different. No trouble to sell these pictures, they are handsome art productions, done in 10 to 12 colors, originals costing 200 to 500 dollars. The first four you meet will gladly take them at 25 cents to help you win the premium. The Ring guaranteed worth many times this small service, but want to introduce my pictures at once. Send No Money in advance. I trust you and will send the pictures (representing 4 different and beautiful scenes, all sheets gold, immediately on receipt of name and address on a post card. **GEO. G CLARK, Mgr. Dept 480,** Toronto

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GIRLS! We trust you with 10 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful gold finished **opal Ring, also a Gold or Silver Bracelet.** Remember, you get **both the Ring and Bracelet** for selling only **10** packages. **Everybody buys our Seeds.** They are the easiest sellers ever handled. Mary Speelee, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seeds sold. They went like wildfire." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept **451** Toronto.

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for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only **1½** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

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Sure death to Rats, Crows, Sparrows, etc. **Long range, terrific force.** Best make and latest model, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Shoots B. B. shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy. **The best Air Gun made. Given** for selling only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds, at 10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant large flowering varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return $1.80, and we will immediately forward your Rifle. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept 405 Toronto, Ont**

FORTUNE TELLER FREE

A marvelous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only **7** Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 454, Toronto.

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Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** E. N. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462, Toronto.

FREE KNIFE

We give this beautiful **Pearl-Handled, Four-Bladed** Knife of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, for selling only **6** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each Package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Raymond Pelly, Holland, Man., says: "My Knife is just beautiful, and is a most excellent Premium for the little work I did." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set **in a beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at **15c.** each only **7** Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

FREE FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 6 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $15.00. We give it free for selling at **25c.** each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume,** the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 426, Toronto.**

FREE 8-KEY CORNET

Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at **15c.** each only 8 beautiful 14K. gold finished Stick Pins. These dainty Pins are in a variety of pretty designs, set with exquisite imitation Turquoise, Diamonds, Rubies, etc. They look easily worth 50c., and at our price, only **15c., go like wildfire.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Stick Pins postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., says: "I was surprised to get such a grand Premium for so little work." Address **THE MAXWELL CO., Dept. 446, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both the Lantern and Engine. The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

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A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, 25c., post paid. The Novelty Co., Box 91 Toronto.

1000 STAMPS FREE

Grand Bonanza Collection of rare Stamps, all foreign, including stamps from Austria, Italy, Greece, Portugal, Africa, etc., etc., given absolutely free for selling only **1 doz.** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are large, beautifully decorated and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 421, Toronto

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling only 9 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c each.** The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties of every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5 Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong, well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English steel with stag handle and name plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my Knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your Knife. Address, **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 458 Toronto.**

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 6 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO. DEPT. 468 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

ANYONE CAN PLAY THE WONDERFUL AUTOHARP

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California Redwood, handsomely polished with 23 silver strings and 5 bars producing 3 chords, for selling only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to day, and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Sell them return $1.50 and we will immediately forward your Autoharp with music rack, pick, full instructor and 16 selections. Write at once. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 467 TORONTO**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately both the Lantern and Engine. **THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**

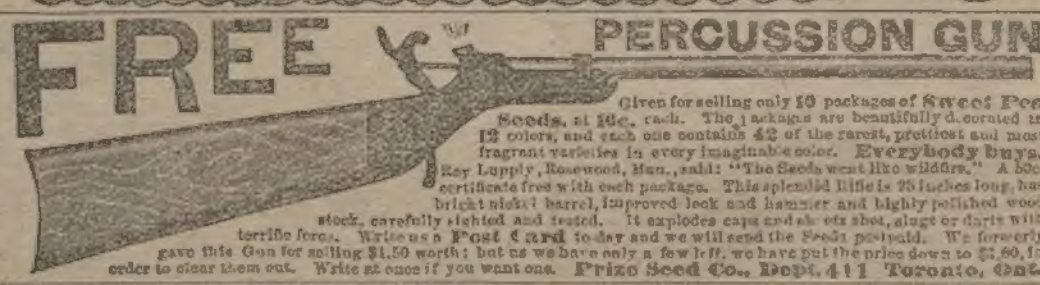
FREE

Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at 15c. each only 7 **Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books post paid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both the Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont**

FREE Watch and Chain and Rifle

Given absolutely free for selling only 2½ doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The Watch has a handsome Silver nickel case elaborately engraved and is fitted with a reliable imported movement. The Rifle is of the best make and latest model with all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. It shoots B.B. Shot, slugs or darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy, and is always ready for rats, squirrels and trespassing cats and dogs. **Boys, remember** you do not get one but **the whole three Premiums** for selling only 2½ doz. packages of our Seeds. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Everybody buys them.** A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." Write us a **Post Card** to day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we will forward at once the **Watch, Chain and Rifle.** Boys, here is your chance. Don't delay. Address: **THE DOMINION SEED CO., TORONTO.**

FREE PERCUSSION GUN



Given for selling only 10 packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds**, at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "The Seeds went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This splendid Rifle is 25 inches long, has bright nickel barrel, improved lock and hammer and highly polished wood stock, carefully sighted and tested. It explodes caps and shoots shot, slugs or darts with terrific force. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. We formerly gave this Gun for selling $1.50 worth; but as we have only a few left, we have put the price down to $1.00, in order to clear them out. Write at once if you want one. **Prize Seed Co., Dept. 411 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE SLEEPING DOLL

GIRLS! we trust you. We don't want one cent of your money. We want to make you a present of this big, **beautifully dressed** pretty **Sleeping Doll.** Dollie has long, golden curls, moving bisque head, arms and legs and lovely blue eyes that shut and open, go to sleep and wake up, like a

real live baby. Her hat is trimmed in the latest style and her dress is made of the richest material, cut in the latest fashion and elegantly trimmed with lace and velvet. She has shoes, stockings and lace trimmed underwear, and can be dressed and undressed as often as you like. Girls, this doll is a charming beauty and prettier than you can possibly imagine. Lizzie Sproat Newcastle, Man., said: "I received the Doll to-day. It is the prettiest Doll I have ever seen." **Remember, you can get her free.** All we ask of you is to sell only **15** of our large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gertrude Reid, Seaforth, Ont., says: "I received my box at 3 o'clock and at half-past all the packages were sold. They went very fast." Write a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 415, Toronto

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

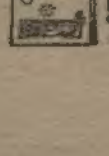
for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling only **10** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color, **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

FREE TRIP TO JAPAN

Given to any Boy or Girl for selling only 6 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful invention has a strong magnifying glass in one end through which you can see beautiful colored views of Japanese scenes, which look so natural and lifelike that you will almost think you are travelling through that wonderful country. Get one and entertain your friends. With each we send free 12 interesting scenes—famous gardens, beautiful buildings, charming scenery etc. Write a **Post Card** for seeds to day. They sell themselves. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 494 Toronto.**



110 for 10 cents

This book contains one hundred and ten of the best humorous recitations, embracing the Negro, Yankee, Irish, and Dutch dialects, both in prose and verse, as well as humorous compositions of every kind and character. Sent postpaid for 10c. Johnston & Co., Box 401, *Toronto.*

FREE

LOOK! A **$40.00 High Grade Brand New Bicycle, 1903** Model. Lady's or Gent's, free to you for a little of your time. We trust you. Don't send us any money. Simply write us a **Post Card** on which your name and address is plainly written and we will forward you, postpaid, 9 **doz.** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** a package. When sold return $10.80 and we will immediately forward this **Brand New Bicycle.** It has every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled frame, good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, etc., etc. **You could not buy this Bicycle from any dealer for less than $25.00 or $30.00 spot cash.** E. Sharpe, Victoria Mines, Ont., says: "I received my Bicycle in good order and must say it is far better than I expected. The Wheel is a dandy and suits me fine." Our Seeds are easy to sell. Everybody buys them. The packages are large, beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. John E. Taylor, Rockwood, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few hours in our village. They went like hot cakes." Write to-day. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 427, Toronto.

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. A. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 423.

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

FREE

ASSOCIATION Football made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at 15c. each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold the Buttons in 5 minutes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. Don't delay. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 424, Toronto.

FREE CHATELAINE

The finest premium we have ever offered. Made of real black seal leather, kid lined, with beautifully ornamented German silver top, long chain and fancy hook for attaching to the belt. An elegantly finished, stylish Chatelaine bag. Very handy when shopping, making calls, or taking short journeys. Given free for selling only 8 25c. **Cook Books** at 15c. each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **They are wonderful sellers. Every lady buys one.** 40,000 sold already. Florence Ascot, Rupert, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a few minutes. Everyone thought them splendid and very cheap." With each Book we give a 50c. certificate free. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay and this elegant, stylish Chatelaine will be yours in a very short time. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 481, TORONTO, ONT.**

Columbia Graphophone FREE

Edison's most wonderful invention **free** to you. Astonishing bargain. A genuine Graphophone made by the celebrated Columbia Graphophone Co., of New York and Paris, the biggest firm of this kind in the world; also 5 records, reproducing Songs, Speeches, Animal Imitations, Instrumental Selections, etc., in a most life-like manner, given for selling only **16** 25c. Cook Books at **15c.** each. These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **They are hot sellers. Every lady buys one.** Florence Ascot, Rupert, Que., said: "I sold all the Cook Books in a short time. Everyone thought them splendid and very cheap." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each one. Mary Payne, Brinston's Corners, Ont., says: "I received my Graphophone all right and think it is a very fine Premium for so little work. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 402, Toronto.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin full size, Stradivarius Model, made of selected wood with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings **given** for selling only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c.** each. These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. They are the easiest sellers ever handled. **Every lady buys one.** Winnie Foote, Vancouver, B.C., said: "Everyone was pleased with the Cook Books and thought them the neatest and cheapest Cook Book they had ever seen." A 50c. certificate free with each book. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. William Yorke, Two Islands, N.S., said: "My violin is a beauty. I was offered $5.00 for it the day I received it." The complete outfit shown in the picture including Violin, Bow, extra set of strings, Resin, complete Self-Instructor and black Japanned brass-trimmed, full-flannel lined Carrying Case, given for selling 3 doz. Cook Books. Write to-day. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., DEPT 489, TORONTO.**

CARRIAGE FOR DOLLY FREE

Girls, wouldn't you like to have this Carriage for your Dolly to ride in? You can get it as easy as anything; it won't cost you one cent, and both you and your Dolly would be so proud of it. It is made of fine French wicker, light and strong, with 4 pretty little wheels and a long slender handle. It is exactly like the big ones used for real babies, and when you are wheeling it along with your Dolly inside you will feel just like a grown-up mama. And just see how easy it is to get it! We give it to you absolutely free for selling only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are large, beautifully decorated and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Maggie E. Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. It was a pleasure to sell them." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes, and then this beautiful Carriage is yours, and you will be envied by every girl you know. **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 487, Toronto.**

FREE

A real Steam-boat handsomely painted and gilded with metal hull, polished brass boiler and steam chest, balance wheel, propeller, rudder, etc., **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz.** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers Everybody buys.** P. J. Lowen, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. J. Hickey, St. Johns, Nfld, said: "I received the steamboat and think it is a beauty. My friends all think it is grand, too." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 429. TORONTO**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us $1.20 and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

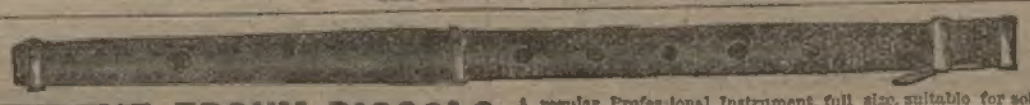
GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate **free** with each package. Girls, write us at once and **this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.**

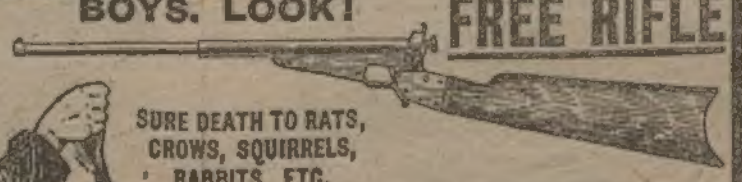
Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto



FREE EBONY PICCOLO

A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest, and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. M. McCurdy, Ottorville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 465 Toronto.

BOYS. LOOK! FREE RIFLE



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 6 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

FREE! ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn, and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address, **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 424 TORONTO.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only 2 **doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid, Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only 15 large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 426, Toronto.

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